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ways the author's thought is constructive—that is, in the only right sense of the term—"optimistic." The zest of work and the love of service are the prevailing feelings throughout. It is for this reason that Admiral Fiske's autobiography will continue to be read as an exemplary and stimulating book long after new controversies have thrown far into the background the precise issues between Fiske and Daniels in 1915, or for that matter between Daniels and Sims in 1920. Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote that "there is a strong feeling in favor of cowardly and prudential proverbs. The sentiments of a man while he is full of ardor and hope are to be received, it is supposed, with some qualification. But when the same person has ignominiously failed and begins to eat up his words, he should be listened to like an oracle." Admiral Fiske did not fail; and he did not have to "eat up his words." The life-wisdom expressed in his story has no affinity with "crabbed age," but rather appeals to ardent youth and enterprising young manhood. His book is primarily a book not for old men who delight in the past, but rather especially for young men and for stout hearted, forward-looking men of all ages. It is zestful, downright, frank and humorous narrative, full of original achievement. It confesses apprehension or distress in ticklish or unpleasant situations, but finds compensation in the sense of accomplishment and the tingle of life which the worst situation can give. Above all, it shows how those two prime motives, duty and self-expression, may be made to pull vigorously in the same direction.

The book, however, has a greater significance than that of its general attitude toward life. Of Admiral Fiske Theodore Roosevelt once said: "The Admiral is, with the sole exception of General Wood, the man who has suffered most from daring to tell the truth about our condition. Over three years ago the Admiral made the first big move for improving the condition of the Navy by telling the truth about the Navy, and was punished mercilessly because he did tell the truth. Every American owes a real and great debt to the Admiral. He rendered a substantial, affirmative service to the people of the United States at great personal cost."

A LABRADOR DOCTOR: The Autobiography of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Dr. Grenfell's autobiography is at once a tale of adventure, appealing strongly to that "sporting instinct" which in its larger aspects is a very respectable emotion, and a record of moral strenuousness of a sort rarely equalled. Both these points claim the attention of the critic; but there is a third that claims it even more strongly. The story in a curious way bridges the gap between Victorian England and post-bellum America, and between the older and the newer ideas of religion and philanthropy.

Wilfred Thomason Grenfell was born in 1865, in Parkgate, near Chester. His father was a clergyman and for many years head of a private school at Parkgate. The elder Grenfell seems to have been something little short of a genius. "Father was waiting to get into the sixth form at Rugby when he was only thirteen years old. He was

a brilliant scholar at Balliol, but had been compelled to give up study and leave the University owing to brain trouble. He never published anything, but would reel off brilliant short poems or essays for friends at a moment's notice. . . . He could read and quote Greek and Latin like English, spoke German and French fluently, while he was an excellent geologist and Fellow of the Geographical Society." Wilfred Grenfell's paternal grandfather had been a house master under Dr. Arnold of Rugby. His mother was born in India, her father being a colonel of many campaigns, and her brother an engineer officer in charge during the siege of Lucknow till relieved by Sir Henry Have-lock. "At the first Delhi Durbar," remarks Dr. Grenfell, "no less than forty-eight of my cousins met, all being officers either of the Indian or civil service."

In reading the opening chapters of the book, it is hard to shake off the impression that the story is to be that of a statesman, soldier or scholar. It is not, indeed, altogether easy to understand just what sent young Dr. Grenfell as a missionary to Labrador. Apparently, so far as our knowledge runs, it may be something of a toss-up whether a youth of parts goes in for personal glory or for unselfish service. Upon the psychological problem Dr. Grenfell's book throws very little light. His account of the matter is very simple.

After a childhood and youth mainly happy, surely fortunate, and perfectly "normal" for an English lad of good family, the young man found, as many others have found, that he did not know exactly what he wanted to make of himself. At last, after talking with the family physician, and after being shown a human brain preserved in alcohol, he became fascinated with the mysteries of physiology, and decided to study medicine. He went to London and took up work in the London Hospital and University. Moral conditions in the new environment were by no means the best. Though Grenfell and others ultimately had the advantage of association with some very great physicians, such as Sir Frederick Treves, the teaching system was slack, and some of the teaching was so ineffective that evasion of the requirement, being phenomenally easy, was the natural and, of course, to a "regular fellow" the only proper procedure. The university exercised no supervision over the lives of the pupils, and moral tragedies were common. Grenfell had opportunity to see the seamy side of life in the London slums. Under these circumstances, a healthy-minded young man with a great fondness for sports, and with more than ordinary skill in football and boxing, would naturally turn to athletics as a prime interest. There is quite as much about sport in the Doctor's reminiscences of this period as there is about medicine. One detects few signs of the scientific passion awakened in the doctor's office at Parkgate. Philanthropy and sport would seem to have been the ruling motives—science was simply the handmaid of philanthropy. But how did philanthropy come in?

"It was in my second year, 1885," writes Dr. Grenfell, "that, returning from an out-patient case one night, I turned into a large tent erected in a purlieu of Shadwell, the district to which I happened to have been called. It proved to be an evangelistic meeting of the then famous Moody and Sankey. It was so new to me that when a tedious prayer-

bore began with a long oration, I started to leave. Suddenly the leader, who I learned afterward was D. L. Moody, called out to the audience, 'Let us sing a hymn while our brother finishes his prayer.' His practicality interested me, and I stayed the service out. When eventually I left, it was with a determination either to make religion a real effort to do as I thought Christ would do in my place as a doctor, or frankly abandon it. That could have but one issue while I still lived with a mother like mine. For she had always been my ideal of unselfish love."

Thus Dwight L. Moody, in connection with some other causes not easy to define, set in motion a great moral force.

Dr. Grenfell immediately began to put his Christian resolutions into practice. He attempted Sunday School work with a lot of more or less incorrigible young scamps, and, not content with this, undertook missionary work in some of the underground lodging-houses along the Radcliffe Highway. Some of his methods with the young were of a modern and much approved kind. He taught the boys football and boxing and took them on long cruises at sea. He made them live cleanly, and had some charity for boyish escapades and for manifestations of the old Adam in his charges.

In 1886, after passing his examinations and becoming a member of the College of Physicians and of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, he was invited to act as physician for the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. On the advice of Sir Frederick Treves, who was himself very fond of sailing and was specially interested in the North Sea Fishermen, he accepted.

Dr. Grenfell passed about five years in this work, and then spent twenty-seven more years of his life in doing philanthropic work for the people of Labrador and northern Newfoundland. The story of his labors is full of pity and humor and adventure. A real love of outdoor life, a zest for hardships and dangers on the sea or on the snow is continually in evidence throughout the Doctor's narrative—and along with this a great love for humanity. To be a practical philanthropist in Labrador would seem to require something of the toughness of fibre, something of the same love of nature and the same appetite for hard work, that are necessary for the mountain-climber or the Arctic explorer. These qualifications seem not often to be joined with a high degree of culture and a burning zeal to do good. Dr. Grenfell never wanted to discover the North Pole, but that he thoroughly enjoys the Labrador life no one who reads his book can for an instant doubt.

His work has been big and constructive. It has included not merely medical attendance and the building of a hospital, but schools, co-operative stores, a fox farm, a sawmill, an experiment with reindeer, a hard fight against liquor-selling. "Love is dangerously near to sentimentality," writes the Doctor, "when we actually prefer remedial to prophylactic charity—and I personally feel that it is false economy even from the point of view of mission funds. The industrial mission, the educational mission, and the orphanage-work at least rank with and should go hand in hand with hospitals in any true interpretation of a gospel of love." Thus the interest of this religious-minded physician has come to be centered not so much upon the patching-up of decrepit bodies or the saving of souls through the preaching of a certain creed as upon charity in the larger sense.

The thrilling thing about the whole narrative is that it shows growth, constant widening of outlook and increase of power—and this without any loss of human touch or sacrifice of natural personal tastes and traits. The love of sports and the faith in its sanitative power holds its place along with a broad conception of practical Christianity. Speaking of a certain incident that occurred during his war service in France, the Doctor says: "Never in my life had I realized quite so keenly what a saving trait the sporting incident is in the Anglo-Saxon—a strain of it in the Teuton might even have averted the war." For Dr. Grenfell the change from the crowded life of London with its ready-made channels for endeavor was a change into a bigger world. The Doctor is one of those envied persons who has taken his own way, and it has been a way to a larger life.

THE REMAKING OF A MIND. By Henry de Man, C. de G., M. C., first lieutenant in the Belgian Army. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There can be no question in the mind of any intelligent reader that Mr. De Man did well to write the kind of book he has actually written, even though he "realized perfectly well that a book of this type is going to appeal to a much smaller section of the public than would a miscellany of trench stories, or diplomatic revelations in the style of a war correspondent." He has produced, indeed, one of the few war books that have permanent, individual interest. What strikes one first about the treatise and recommends it most strongly from first to last, is its superior tone of manliness and maturity. The book is the result of a painful and courageous thinking-out of problems, the personal importance of which was no less keenly felt because they were general and theoretic. Such thinking is surely no less virtuous than valor in the field, and may require a greater expense of spirit. The result in Mr. De Man's case has been the attainment of convictions not too dogmatically held, but giving poise and sanity.

Originally a Socialist, in the European sense, the author was roused from his dream of brotherhood by the rape of Belgium. "The stronger my reluctance, as an internationalist and a socialist, to follow the lead of those who believed in 'my country right or wrong,' . . . the clearer was my realization that the wrong done Belgium was but a symbol of the menace of German aggression to what is an essential condition to socialism as I conceive it. Not until I shouldered a rifle, did I know what it meant to be a citizen of the world."

Further thinking released him from the spell of dogmatism; he saw that historical facts cannot be rightly criticised by means of *a priori* reasoning: the principles of criticism must be derived from a study of the facts themselves. Thus, while accepting the premises of the internationalists' thesis—the imperialist origin of the war—he came to the conclusion that the deduction they drew from this—the necessity of opposing war in every country—is entirely wrong, because of a defect in the method on which the reasoning was based. The same error, he points out, lies at the root of Bolshevism. Ceasing to be doctrinaire, he became empirical—that is to say, really modern.